
Title: Hymn of Entropy

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I am the thorn in the
foot, I am the blur in
the sight.

I am the worm at the
root, I am the thief in
the night.

I am the rat in the wall,
the leper that leers at
the gate.

I am the ghost in the
hall, herald of horror and
hate.

I am the rust on the
corn, I am the smut on
the wheat.

Laughing man's labor to
scorn, weaving a web for
his feet.

I am canker and mildew
and blight, danger and
death and decay.

The rot of the rain by
night, the blast of the
sun by day.

I warp and wither with
drought, I work in the
swamp's foul yeast.

I bring the black plague
from the south and
leprosy in from the east.

I am the shrill cold spirit
that chills the darkness
you feel after dark.

I am the chaos that
tears stars apart.

You cannot escape me.

You cannot defeat me.

You can only embrace me.